

*the Epithet Romantic.*

a friendship with Mr. C., and introduced him into honourable society and the road to fortune. A very ancient maiden lady of a large fortune happening to be embarrassed in a crowd, a young clergyman offered her his arm and politely attended her home; this attention so captivated her, that she bequeathed and soon after left him her whole estate—though she had many poor relations.

That class of fictitious works called *novels*, though much more like real life than the romances which preceded, is yet full of those lucky incidents and adventures, which are introduced as the chief means toward the ultimate success. A young man, without fortune, for instance, is precluded from making his addresses to a young female in a superior situation, whom he believes not indifferent to him, until he can approach her with such worldly advantages as it might not be imprudent or degrading for her to cast a look upon. Now how is this to be accomplished?—Why, I suppose, by the exertion of his talents in some practicable and respectable department; and perhaps the lady, besides, will generously and spontaneously condescend to abdicate from partiality to him, some of the trappings and luxuries of rank. You really suppose this is the plan? I am sorry you have so much less genius than a novel writer. This young man has an uncle, who has been absent many years, nobody knew where, except the young man's lucky stars. During his absence, the old uncle has made a large fortune, with which he returns to his native land, at a time most opportune for every one but a highwayman, who, attacking him in a road through a wood, is frightened away by the young hero, who happens to come there at the instant, to rescue and recognize his uncle, and to be in return recognized and made the heir to as many thousands as the lady or her family could wish. Now what is the intended impression of all this on the reader's mind? What if he certainly *have* no uncle in any foreign fortune-making country? But there are rich old gentlemen who are uncles to nobody. Is our novel-reader to reckon on it as a *likely* and a *desirable* chance, that one of these, just after returning from the Indies with a ship-load of wealth, shall be set upon by a highwayman; and to take it for certain that in that case he, the novel reader, shall have the luck to come to the very spot in the nick of time, to send the dastard robber galloping off, to make an instant and